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THE BUNCH OF GRAPES

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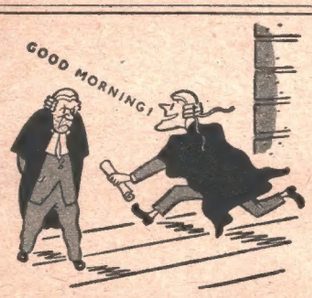

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LASKI HANDS OVER

Television in the Mall • Nurses Still Wait for Reforms • Civil Service Grumbles Furnishing New Homes • Police Exhibition

Harold Laski concludes Labour Party chairmanship; Philip Noel-Baker takes over

WHITSUN HOLIDAYMAKERS in Bournemouth will mingle with men and women there on serious business—the Annual Conference of the Labour Party. It will have a record number of delegates.

Presiding over the five-day conference in the Pavilion, Professor Harold Laski will conclude his year's chairmanship of the Labour Party.

And what a year for him! This first-rate scholar who talks political dynamite in the clear, precise phrases of a university lecturer, has been described these last twelve months as everything from Labour's "secret dictator" to an international menace.

During the General Election campaign, Laski found himself a front-page figure.

The anti-Labour Press painted him as a gigantic sinister influence in Socialist affairs. His neat Charlie Chaplinish moustache and horn-rimmed spectacles became almost as famous as the election posters of Winston Churchill.

"Like Escaped Convict"

It was all very stupid, and it amused nobody more than Harold Laski. The funniest story—a perfectly true one—concerns a newspaper that was running the "Labour Victory Means Laski Rules" line.

This newspaper was not satisfied that any of the available photographs portrayed Laski as the sub-human type he was supposed to be. So the newspaper sent a man round to the agencies with laconic instructions from the news editor to find a picture "that makes Laski look as much like an escaped convict as possible!"

From Front Bench

The Chairman of the Labour Party Executive changes every year.

Chairman for 1946-47 will be Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., Minister of State. He has been a member of the party executive for many years.

The Labour Party chairmanship, incidentally, is usually filled by the executive member next in order of seniority.

With the present efforts now being made to recreate the international Social-Democratic movement, Noel-Baker assumes office at a time when his gifts will be of maximum service.

He is one of the world's leading authorities on international affairs, an accomplished linguist, and a man of proved sincerity.

His son, Captain Francis Noel-Baker, is also in Parliament as Member for Brentford and Chiswick. Noel-Baker, Junior, scored one of the really sensational Labour victories at the General Election.

King Street Set-back

One of the biggest issues before the Labour Conference will be the question of Communist affiliation to the Labour Party. It is now certain to be turned down by a huge majority.

The Communist Party headquarters in King Street gave up hope of affiliation success some time ago. The average Trade Unionist and Labour supporter has grown tired of Communist acrobatics and the increasingly bitter, unscrupulous nature of the Communist attacks upon Labour Ministers.

Victory Day Close-up

IT IS FAIRLY SAFE TO SAY that on Victory Day, people gathered round television sets in their homes, or in hotels and public houses, will have a far better view of the King taking the salute at the great march past than the majority of those actually in the crowd on the spot.

One reason for this is that when lots were drawn for the best camera position, B.B.C. Television was the first out of the hat! Another is that with the latest telephoto lens, the camera should give a close-up of the saluting base.

Watching Them Arrive

It has now been decided that television on V-Day will begin just before eleven o'clock, so that viewers can watch the King, the Queen and the Princesses arrive, and also see some two hundred celebrities take their places.

In the evening, the television unit in the Mall will again be in action, this time to televise the scene of the celebrating crowds surging through the Mall.

Pre-war experience has shown that intimate "shots" of sections of the crowd are far more realistic than a commentator attempting to describe the scene to listeners. It is these "on the spot" broadcasts which, in the end, will popularize television.

Hospitals' Crisis

BRITISH HOSPITALS are at this moment facing the most serious crisis in their history.

Since the Essential Works Order was removed from women a few months ago, there has been a gradual diminution in the number of nurses and domestic staff employed in hospitals. Now the situation can only be described as desperate.

The Minister of Health has already said that the matter is causing him "great anxiety," and that although he has no precise information as to the extent to which hospitals have been compelled to close their wards and restrict the number of beds in use, "it is clear that the number is considerable." So much then is certain.

Not a day passes but another hospital closes a ward or refuses admission to new patients in need of treatment. And the situation is made worse by the fact that as often as not it is tuberculosis pavilions which are closed down.

To continue mass radiography services with the object of discovering new cases to add to already overcrowded waiting lists seems futile until there is accommodation available to treat known sufferers.

How Many Nurses?

Just how many nurses do we need to staff our hospitals adequately? Mr. Bevan has said that in March there were 28,000 vacancies for nurses of all grades in Great Britain, and that "the number still in the Services is 8,973." But many of those in the Services are married, others are going to be married, while others again will not return to nursing in civil life.

At the very best we are still short of some 25,000 nurses and approximately half that number of domestic workers.

We all remember Mr. Bevan's new charter for nurses which was issued last November. Seldom has a Ministerial announcement met with such universal approval.

But what in fact has been done in the five months since the announcement? Salaries? They have been raised by exactly half the promised increase. It appears that payment of the full amount does not begin until April 1, 1947.

By what extraordinary reasoning and by whom that decision was made we cannot imagine. But it is a typical example of the kind of thing that will have to stop.

Still Those Restrictions

And what about the other anomalies? What about the petty restrictions? Are there any fewer? We can find little evidence of any change of heart in the authorities.

In many hospitals, for example, the nurses are still not allowed to receive private phone calls whether on or off duty. Only last week, a doctor told JOHN BULL of a nurse whose fiancé had just returned from abroad. The man tried to contact her by phone, but the telephonist was adamant, "No outside calls to nurses," and that was that.

Following Ben Smith

ALTHOUGH NOT ALTOGETHER unexpected by those in a position to know the facts behind the scenes, the change of Food Minister was a surprise to the general public.

John Strachey had shown such promise as Under-Secretary for Air that his promotion to senior Ministerial rank in due course was practically certain, given the opportunity.

Strachey has taken on a tough job with considerable courage, and no lack

"POWER POLITICS" AGAIN?: by the Editor

IT IS A PITY that the Russians will probably be among the notable absentees from the Victory Parade.

The absence of the Red Army, which contributed immeasurably to the victory we celebrate, unhappily symbolizes the new differences that have arisen between Russia, on the one hand, and Britain and America, on the other.

The three great Allies should now be marching together in peace, as in war. Unfortunately they are not. America, represented by Mr. Byrnes, has accused the Soviet Union of forming a bloc in Eastern Europe. Russia, with Mr. Molotov as spokesman, has retorted by attacking the alleged Anglo-American bloc, which it charges with "seeking to establish naval and military air bases in all parts of the globe," with the object of "a new imperialist domination of the world."

What a tragedy it would be if, as a result of comparatively minor differences, the world again became divided into two opposing and formidable "spheres of influence," each attempting to get the better of the other. This is the way to another and more terrible war.

Whatever happens, we must not again become "bloc" minded. We must try to understand the Russian point of view, and answer Russian charges of "imperialism." Britain, by her actions in Egypt and India, has already shown the honesty of her intentions. But more will be needed to remove the threat of a revival of power politics in a world struggling—at times, haltingly—towards the ideal of free nations working together for peace and plenty.

So, as we celebrate victory, we must resolve that the promise "Never again," which we heard so often after the last war, shall be honoured this time, however difficult the way may be.

of public spirit. We fear that there is still a good deal of trouble ahead on the food front, with the possibility of further cuts in food rations by no means ruled out.

The recent uproar and confusion over Herbert Morrison's American visit, shows how extremely easy it is for any Minister dealing with food problems to be blamed for doing the right thing.

Children's Turn

HOME SECRETARY Chuter Ede intends to follow up his sweeping overhaul of the detention and prison systems with measures to ease the lot of the 20,000 children who, separated from parental care and not adopted, are still an annual poor law charge.

Ede realizes that there is no finer voluntary body in the public service than the Care of Children Committee at the Home Office but that its excellent work and scope are cruelly handicapped by inadequate powers and lack of resources.

Foster parents of the best type can no longer be obtained, for instance, at a fee of 18s. or £1 weekly for the maintenance of fourteen-year-old orphans and boys and girls who have been the unfortunate victims of neglect, cruelty, destitution or desertion.

The problem is intensified because no fewer than four Government departments and four statutory organizations in every local area are concerned with the welfare of these under-privileged children.

Whitehall in Arms

CIVIL SERVANTS are ready for a fight against the dispersal of Whitehall departments throughout the country.

With nearly 700,000 members, the Civil Service is twice its size of 1939. Sir Edward Bridges who, as Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, is head of the Service, apparently believes that it will be too big for available London accommodation even when, as is intended, the strength is fixed at one-fifth above the pre-war establishment.

For this reason, the headquarters of the new National Insurance Ministry have been located in Newcastle, the Post Office Savings Bank has been transferred to Nottingham, and sections of the Education Ministry are to be moved to Buckinghamshire.

Grounds for Resistance

The junior ranks are hostile because of the separation from their families, with higher living costs and the suspicion that absence from the centre of things may prejudice their promotion.

The higher-grade officers are resisting on the grounds that decentralization—with which only a beginning has been made—will lower efficiency owing to postal delays and the need for frequent journeys for consultation.

Some of the opponents of "decentralization" mean to carry their objections as far as the Cabinet, if they are able.

Furniture Demand

ANEURIN BEVAN'S promise that, unless unforeseen difficulties arise, there will be a separate home for every family before the next General Election has indirectly drawn attention to the expected demand for household equipment on an unprecedented scale.

If Bevan's promise is fulfilled, production of home furnishings must keep step with the building of new houses, and an advisory team has been formed at the Board of Trade to plan for this.

It is estimated that long before the present housing programme is completed there will be a potential market with a value of something like £2,500 millions for furniture to equip the new homes and to satisfy the pent-up demand for replacements in existing ones.

"Never, Never" Hazards

Financiers who specialized before the war in hire-purchase or other instalment plans for the sale of domestic furnishings are fully alive to the possibility of still richer markets.

Traders who ran properly conducted credit systems of the kind will be the first to welcome legislation which would prevent resumed activity by the sharks who, until 1939, used extended payments as a form of harsh usury.

Premier Mackenzie King, of Canada, now on a visit here, may have indicated a likely method of reform when he described an experiment being made in the Dominion to finance house purchase and furnishing. It is the formation of a Government agency, known as the Central Mortgage Corporation, through which credits are given jointly by the State and approved private underwriters.

Buyers are protected against exorbitant interest and service charges, and being enticed into agreements beyond their means—the factors in the British pre-war credit trading system which were condemned by the Judiciary as a social and economic evil.

Homes for the Army

ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF LIFE in the new volunteer army which is now being recruited, is the provision of decent houses for the soldier and his wife. "Married quarters" in the Army has too often in the past meant that married couples "on the strength" lived in buildings more like prisons than homes.

Better days are now in store. The building of 1,000 new houses for the families of "other ranks" is planned and this programme will be speeded up as soon as materials and manpower permit.

It is intended that the new Army homes will equal the best available to civilians. Both blocks of flats and semi-detached houses are to be built.

Nor is the unmarried soldier to be neglected, for many of the old, grim-looking barracks are to be transformed into comfortable living places. The old tradition that "other ranks" should be made as uncomfortable as possible in off-parade hours is dead.

Security for Allotments

IN MANY AREAS, amateur gardeners are worried about the future of their allotments, and quite a number of them have been given notice to quit.

During the war thousands cultivated their allotments with the result that 120 million pounds of vegetables was produced on the home-front when it was most needed. And the need still remains.

Alarmed by the insecurity of many allotment-holders, the National Allotment Society is pressing for the early introduction of an Allotments Bill to give security to the thousands who produce valuable food on their little plots of land.

Police Secrets

EXHIBITS WORTH £25,000, drawn from Scotland Yard's Black Museum and the Home Office Forensic Science Laboratories, are on view without charge to the public at the Police Exhibition now being held in Brighton to mark the jubilee conference of the Chief Constables' Association.

The exhibition was proposed by F. T. Tarry, C.B.E., Chief Constable of Southampton, and a full year was spent in assembling the exhibits—including hundreds of relics of crimes extending over the past 150 years.

The idea is, of course, to stimulate public interest in the work and problems of the police. It is not unlikely that the exhibition may lead to a permanent Central Police Museum, a project formerly discussed, but postponed indefinitely by the war.

Chairman of the committee running the show is Captain W. J. Hutchinson, acting Chief Constable of Sussex, whose father and grandfather before him were both in the police force.

Second in Succession

GILBERT WILKINSON today creates a precedent by being the first artist to give us two covers in succession since JOHN BULL came out in colour.

Normally, we like variety and change of style in our covers. We have actually used the work of seven artists so far. Two of them, Yates Wilson and Clive Uptton, have provided one cover apiece, and three artists, Clixby Watson, Alfred Thomson, and J. K. Kirby, have done two each.

Wilkinson now shares with Terence Cuneo the honour of three covers in all, but Wilkinson's second and third have followed each other.

This was made possible by the versatility we mentioned a week or two ago as one of Gilbert Wilkinson's great assets.

The Victory Sunday view from the belfry of a country church is impressive in its symbolism, as well as in its use of colour and background, and totally different from the Derby crowd scene he did last week.

"MY HUSBAND AND MYSELF ARE VERY GRATEFUL"

writes Mrs. M. Beddows, of Bebington, in acknowledging payment under JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance following an outbreak of fire at her home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

THE STRAGGLER

IS IT FINAL VICTORY?

Final victory cannot be ours until we have conquered the problems of peace with the courage that routed our enemies in war. Mr. Purcell takes up the challenge of those who expected a ready-made Utopia, and points to new moral tasks ahead

"For the 'disillusioned,' there is mockery in parades," but—the Rev. W. E. Purcell has a remedy for peace-time cynicism

by

the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

"NONE OF THIS IS WORTHWHILE; most of it is mockery; anyway, nobody has won, least of all ourselves."

That is the voice of disillusion, and it will be heard surely enough, cynical and disbelieving, as the pageant of the nation's rejoicing goes by at the Victory Celebrations.

For disillusion makes a sombre appearance in the history of peoples whenever they have been temporarily enfeebled by the effort to win through crisis to survival. It spreads discouragement at a time when, perhaps as never before, we need to be cheered by convictions of the worthwhileness of what has been endured.

A product of weariness and false optimism, fed upon the dejection of those who expected a demi-paradise to emerge ready-made as soon as the echoes of the last shot had died away, this feeling needs firm handling. After the first World War it did great harm. Its sinister influence has had profound effect upon the national—and international—history of our age.

This time we must be ready for it.

"Call It Off"

Some of the arguments—all based on an assertion that most things are wrong, and very little is right—have been heard already. Among them is the claim that victory celebrations of any kind should be called off, until more of our problems have been solved here at home. For the "disillusioned," there is mockery in parades when there are not enough houses, folly in the rejoicings of a still-rationed people.

Do we deny cheerfulness to a convalescent? For we are, all of us, convalescent in a sense; and if those military bands tuning up, can cause the blood to move faster in our veins, then we shall be all the better for it.

Yet disillusionment will say that even if such junketings are to be justified, with so much to be done at home, how can they possibly be excused when homelessness and desolation are the common lot of millions across the Channel?

To this, surely, every man's conscience can honestly reply that a Britain once more vigorous and sure of herself can give greater service to today's ruined Europe. Anything, therefore, which helps on our rehabilitation is warmly to be welcomed. We have had all too little to uplift us in the years that are over.

But one thing is certain. Any victory parades in the vainglorious mood in which such things have been held in the past, when a victorious army was welcomed home like a successful cup-final team, would not only be utterly out of tune with the spirit of our times, but also an insult to the memory of those who will not return.

The narrow nationalism of: *"We don't want to fight you; but, by jingo, if we do, we've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too,"* is quite out of date in an era of world conflicts which leave us with progressively less of any. Our celebrations will be more properly and decently based on the fact, not that we have won, but that we have survived.

And we can be pleased about it only in proportion to our belief that we're worth survival and have something, in our great political maturity and sense of justice, of abiding value to give to the world.

Yet disillusion will try to whisper to us, as the processions go by, that no one has won. This, of course, is very true. In material things all are poorer. Safely left to Nazis in the dock at Nuremberg can be the rightly discredited idea that anyone is the gainer from that crucifixion which is modern war.

Is there, then, no victory? It would be a sorry thing for the ex-Serviceman looking for a home and a job if that were true. It would be worse for the relatives of those whose scarlet berets Dutch children picked up as playthings on the field of Arnhem. But it is not true!

The very fact that so little other than loss in many forms has come to us from the struggles of the war may well make of our celebrations the most justifiable rejoicings that have ever marked our history.

For the most part, living as we do in an age made cynical by many disappointments, we prefer to talk tough and pretend that great moral issues do not exist. Nothing less than the future of the world in 1939 depended upon whether we should act as we had talked. Fortunately indeed for very many, some of them now richer and stronger than ourselves, we did not.

Great moral issues do exist, and will, to the end of time. There is one raised whenever and wherever a wrong triumphs over a right, whenever inoffensive weakness is done down by aggressive strength.

For long now it has been the fashion for the superficially smart to try to convince the plain man that this is not so, and that most actions, whether of nations or individuals, are dictated by self-interest alone.

Facing a Challenge

Yet the glorious fact still remains that, in actions if not in words, this same plain man is prepared at times to react bravely and in directions contrary to his self-interest, to the moral challenge of somebody's frightened face, whether it is next door or in Europe.

No amount of war-weariness, no sense that so many of the high purposes for which the war was fought seem still far from being fulfilled, above all, no disillusion, must be allowed to persuade us from the truth that very many of our race have suffered much and performed great deeds in a cause which, in spite of all, was good.

Countless thousands of ordinary people decided, freely, that the struggle was worthwhile, though they could hope to gain from it no material advantage other than bare survival.

In the course of that struggle the British people forged and wielded the three great moral weapons of courage, sacrifice and unshakable faith. These are weapons that can rust all too quickly when Disillusion takes charge of the armoury.

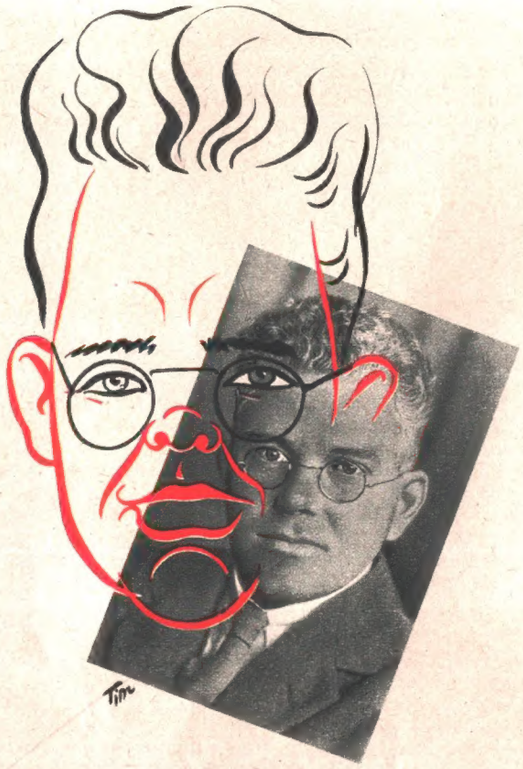
The real end to it all is not cynicism and a "demob" suit.

The real end, the final victory, comes in one way and in one way only. It comes when we burnish again the weapons of our moral armoury for use, this time, in the Battle of the Peace, the battle for a new world.

That final victory is so well worth winning! It means so much more than the victory we are now celebrating!

It is still to be won.

PRIVATE VIEW OF OLIPHANT



INFORMAL ATOM CHIEF

EVER SINCE AN ATOM BOMB made its horrifying debut as a weapon of war, its perpetrators have devoted much more time to prophecy than to nuclear physics. Best known of these scientific seers in England is Birmingham's Professor of Physics, a forty-four years old Australian, Dr. M. L. Oliphant, F.R.S.

A year ago Professor Oliphant was just another distinguished scientist, familiar in university circles for his excellent lectures in simple, unadorned English. Today he is famous for his revolutionary ideas on the control of atomic power.

Oliphant does not conform to the popular notion of a scientist. Like his opinions he is different and original.

Tall and large-limbed, he has a wide-open smile, a shock of white woolly hair, a ready wit and the characteristic Australian accent that does not lend itself to any but direct speaking. Using it to express a vigorous point of view he has often found himself at variance with men like Churchill.

But Oliphant thinks he can't stand by and watch politicians make a mess of things, and that is what he is convinced they are doing. It is an embarrassing trait of his character, this energetic forthrightness, yet, having assisted in the making of an atom bomb he feels a direct and personal responsibility about its further application.

THE first thing that strikes one about Oliphant is his informality. He is easy to talk to, and his company is a stimulating experience. He dresses comfortably, favouring a sports coat, flannel trousers and walking shoes. And he spends his day, or would like to spend it, in his laboratory.

There are, however, many other things that take up the time he would like to spend on research—work on the newly formed committee of atom scientists and various Government committees.

Now that the Government has become fairy godfather to physics, there are ample funds for research, but before the war anything worthwhile in this line depended on endowments from wealthy benefactors. Oliphant owes a lot to Nuffield, who gave as much as £60,000 for a cyclotron.

As he is no longer connected with the practical side of atomic work he can now turn his attention towards academic research for results that do not necessarily have a practical value; old problems and anomalies, stones that have been left unturned in the race to create a monster.

Oliphant came to England in 1927. He had a degree of Adelaide University, but wanted to know more about physics. So he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, to be trained at the Cavendish Laboratory by the very father of modern nuclear physics, Lord Rutherford himself.

The young Australian proved himself an apt pupil and in 1937, for outstanding work, was made a Fellow of the Royal Society. The same year he was appointed Poynting Professor of Physics at Birmingham University.

IN 1938 the Government decided to prepare for the second World War. Radar was developing as a powerful method of detecting aircraft, but had serious limitations.

It needed stepping up before it could play a key part in stopping the Luftwaffe. When the war did break out this became a necessity. Our survival depended on getting those bombers before they paralysed industry.

Professor Oliphant and a research team initiated the work which, in the short space of two years, obtained outstanding results. Not only did radar detect approaching aircraft, but it followed the enemy's course in the sky and aimed a gun at him. It directed night fighters, hunted down submarines, took photographs and made night bombing accurate and effective.

In the middle of 1942 Oliphant visited India, the East Indies and then Australia, where he joined MacArthur, organizing a radar defence against the Japs. On his return to England he was selected with three teams of scientists to help the Americans with the atom bomb.

Oliphant led one of these teams and worked with it through the remaining war years at Berkeley, California, and in the factory in Tennessee on one of the essential processes.

Then he returned to Birmingham, perhaps a little bewildered himself at what the first atom bomb had done to Hiroshima.

MRS. OLIPHANT comes from Adelaide. She and her husband were neighbours back home in Australia. They have two children, a boy of ten and a girl of eight, and a home they built before the war on the southern slopes of Lickey Hill, about seven miles from the university.

The style of architecture is modern and, because they love the sun, there are many windows facing south. Surrounding the property is a delightful woodland garden.

His interests have a practical flavour. He does not play golf or cards, not that he has anything against them, but simply because he hasn't the time. Literature, gardening, his home, wife, children—these occupy Oliphant's leisure. For recreation he goes no further than the fringes of his work—writing technical articles and reading scientific journals.

His main relaxation is meeting people and discussing events of the day. Frequent trips to London bring him into contact with all manner of people and professions. Having many Indian friends, Oliphant is also sympathetic towards the Indian problem, and in particular he is interested in the more universal application of the scientific method.

Marcus Oliphant was a young man once, with an enthusiasm for dancing and a thirst for adventure. At forty-four he has settled down and seen the world.

Yet today he finds the thrills of a lifetime at home, no farther than his laboratory, probing deeper and deeper into the very heart of matter.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

OIL

OIL WON THE WAR. To drop one ton of bombs on Berlin took five tons of petrol. Britain's peace-time requirements are ten million tons of oil products yearly.

★ ★ ★

Petroleum is found in vast underground lakes of mud. Probably the ooze of seabeds, made up of minute marine plants and animals, has become oil-bearing slush after many thousand years of pressure in the earth's crust.

★ ★ ★

Gas given off by the oil causes terrific pressure. Hence if the lake is reached by a drill the oil may spurt out. Such wells are called gushers. One at Grozni in the Caucasus shot up four and a half million gallons in the first three days.

★ ★ ★

Since the underground oil lakes are usually extensive, a driller may drain off oil from underneath his neighbour's land. Law suits were frequent in the early days, but a United States judge held that just as a rabbit bred in one man's field was fair game if it crossed into another man's, so oil was "wild game," subject to the "right of capture." Drillers always work round the edge of their concession first.

★ ★ ★

Geologists were figures of fun to the early oil-drillers. They were called "rock hounds"—later "pebble pups." Now prospecting is scientific. An explosive charge makes a miniature earthquake. By analysing the shock waves several miles away, the expert can tell if they have passed through oil deposits.

★ ★ ★

Last year a thirty-two seat passenger bus run on methane was tested secretly at a Lincolnshire factory. Methane is "marsh gas," which causes will-o'-the-wisp lights over marshland and explosions in coal mines. A United States company is making petrol from "natural gas." Huge underground supplies are available.

★ ★ ★

Crude oil yields about fifty per cent petrol, forty per cent Diesel oil and five per cent heavy oil for lubrication. The word "petrol" is a trade name invented by Charles Leonard for the motor spirit he made for Daimler in 1898. In Rumania crude oil was at one time so plentiful that peasants used it for laying the dust on the roads.

★ ★ ★

Fifty-two years ago there were exactly four cars in the United States. Today, counting trucks and buses, there are over thirty million. In the first months of petrol rationing (1939), Britain had 1,627,083 cars on the road; and in 1943, when the basic ration had been stopped for a year, 723,971 cars, the lowest number since 1927. Today the figure is about 1,100,000.

★ ★ ★

In the next twenty years world oil production will double, but we have enough oil for the next hundred years, by which time other forms of power may replace it.

★ ★ ★

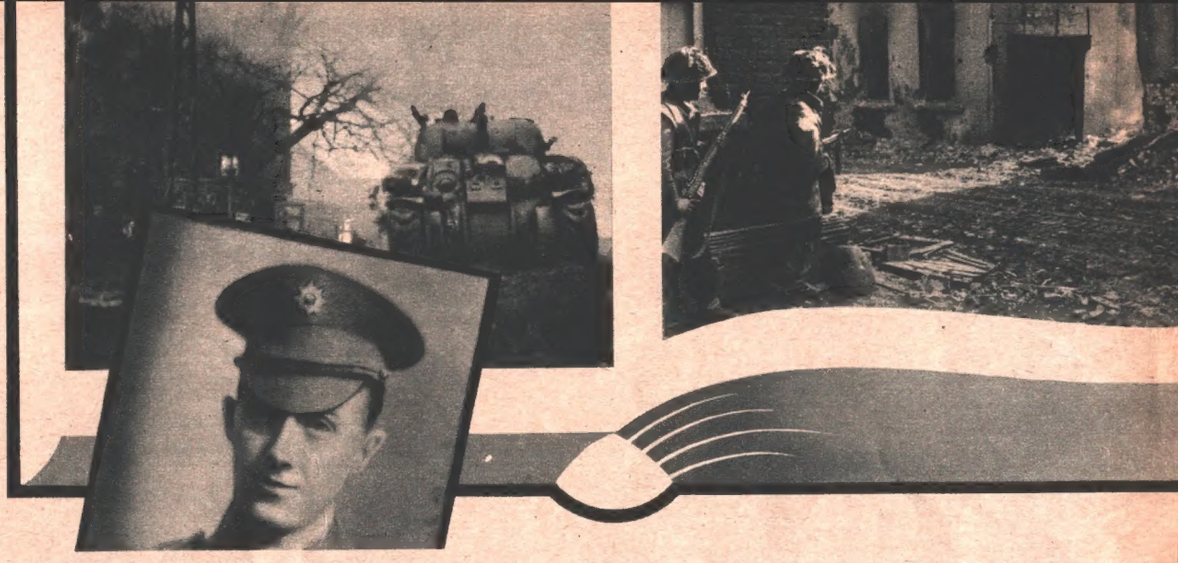
New wells are giving plentiful supplies. In Austria, wells developed by the Nazis are now being worked by the Russians. Under-sea oil wells exist in Borneo and Baku.

★ ★ ★

Great Britain, when converting her Navy to oil before the first World War, invested five million pounds in Persian oilfields—the best investment we ever made, for profits were huge.

★ ★ ★

Russia is now in desperate need of Persian oil, since war losses reduced her yearly output by five million tons. America, producing sixty per cent of the world's supplies, has plenty of oil, *but her production costs are soaring*, whereas in the Middle East costs are low.



THE MAN WHO WILL MARCH WITH ME

Edward Charlton, V.C., of the Irish Guards

You won't see this Guardsman V.C. at the Victory Parade. But, writes a comrade, he and a host of others will be there, in the hearts of those they fought beside

by Guardsman JAMES MENDES, D.C.M.

THERE IS A MAN who will march with me on the Victory Day parade, a man you will not see.

He will not be photographed by the cameras that record the great parade, twelve thousand strong, of men and women who made victorious war by land, sea and air. He will not hear the roaring of the mechanized columns, the steadily marching feet, the overhead drone as the R.A.F. flies past. Not for him the slow-rolling cheers of the crowds, the sharp words of command, the music and the flags.

He is just one of the greater invisible host that will be on parade that day. The men who never came back, the fellows who had the bad luck, the marchers who ought to be there. And *are* there, in the hearts of those who fought alongside them.

For I shall see him all right. Not dressed for a ceremonial parade, clean-shaven, bright as to boots, meticulously clothed.

I shall see him as he fell—tackling a battalion of Panzer Grenadiers on his own.

His name is Edward Charlton, V.C.

Ed was my pal. I met him when he first joined the Second Battalion early in '42. I've known him ever since. Funny that an Englishman should have to win the V.C. for an Irish regiment, but that's the way it is. Yet after five years in the Irish Guards Ed was more Irish than English, in fact, more Irish than many of us.

He had the blarney all right, and the temper with a physique to make it dangerous. But he had a heart of gold. He was a man, the way real men are and should be. He liked his beer and his fun. He lived the British way and died the British way.

That was Ed, who goes down in the ruddy annals of military history for one of the greatest bits of heroism in this war.

Ed wasn't with us when we went over to France around about D plus 24. He stayed put in England as a first reinforcement, and was pretty browned off about it, too. So he didn't see any of the fighting south of Caumont. He missed the excitement of the rush to Brussels and that grand attack into Holland.

That was just a hell of a relay race, where blokes dropped out, wounded or dead, and fresh ones carried on. Ed joined as we crossed the Rhine, last year. He was then about twenty-five.

The enemy was a past master in the art of getting out of places. He did it like greased lightning, leaving behind a lot of filthy souvenirs. Sometimes he'd turn and snap back. It was in one of these scraps that Ed did his stuff.

Panzers in the Wood

The objective was to get to Cuxhaven and cut the autobahn between Bremen and Hamburg, and we were pushing on, into the heart of Germany, at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles a day.

Ed belonged to a troop of three tanks that had captured a village called Wistedt on April 21, 1945. They had been supporting a platoon of our Third Battalion infantry, or rather, giving the lads a ride along the open roads.

At Wistedt the commander decided to halt, so the boys just baled out and started brewing up a mug of tea.

Wistedt is a little village at a cross-roads. Ahead, to the right, was a lump of high ground, wooded pretty thickly. Unknown to the battle group, that wood concealed a battalion of Panzer Grenadiers and six self-propelled guns.

They attacked suddenly. The three Shermans were hit and burst into flames. Then the German infantry swung in, supported by artillery and small-arms fire. Our boys were pinned down.

Ed Charlton decided to counter-attack.

When you see that sort of thing in a film you smile sceptically, even though it moves you. But there was Ed Charlton, no film star by any means, and he took it into his head, all on his own, to counter-attack—against a whole battalion of Panzer Grenadiers!

The citation just says he recovered the Browning from his damaged tank. That alone was something. Not only was he in full view of the enemy and in the line of their sights, but his Sherman was *brewing up*.

Anybody who knows Shermans will tell you they have nasty habits when they're hit. They burst into flames and the ammo starts popping. It's uncomfortable to be near one, much less on it; the citation just says he recovered the Browning!

The Germans were advancing head on. There was no cover for Ed, so he stood in front of the bonfire and let them have it, firing from his hip.

He stopped their leading company, inflicting heavy casualties. It gave our boys a chance to take up suitable positions and start hitting back.

Ed kept them down to the ground for ten minutes before they touched him, wounding his left arm.

The citation—which we who knew him have studied with so much pride—goes on: "Immediately, despite intense enemy fire, he mounted his machine gun on a nearby fence which he used to support his wounded left arm. He stood firing thus for a further ten minutes until he was again hit in the left arm, which fell away, shattered.

"Although twice wounded and suffering from loss of blood, Guardsman Charlton again lifted his machine gun on to the fence, now having only one arm with which to fire. Nevertheless, he still continued to inflict casualties on the enemy, until finally he was hit for the third time and collapsed. He died later of his wounds in enemy hands. The heroism and determination of this Guardsman in his self-imposed task were beyond all praise. Even his German captors were amazed at his valour.

"Guardsman Charlton's courageous and self-sacrificing action not only inflicted extremely heavy casualties on the enemy and retrieved his comrades from a desperate situation, but also enabled the position to be speedily recaptured."

You might want to know about the stuff it takes to make a hero. Well, can I say anything about Ed to make him sound different?

I don't think I can, because Ed was nothing out of the ordinary; he was just another Guardsman, but then a Guardsman is a soldier.

It may sound as though I'm laying it on with a trowel, but his regiment was the biggest thing in Ed's life. Ask his elder brother, John, what Ed talked about most of the time he was home on leave. It was the Irish Guards—the Second Battalion—in other words, the Micks who wear the black berets; the Charlton family knew the story of the cap badge by heart.

I met John the other day; he's in the R.A.F. They grew up together, from all accounts the terrors of the neighbourhood. They're a family of butchers and as clannish as you'll ever get them; Ed worked as a slaughterman in the Manchester Abattoir before his call-up.

He was born in Winlaton, County Durham. He went to the Seymour Park School and later to the Old Trafford Senior Boys' School—two institutions that have now got something to shout about.

Ed's father is an inspector of meat and food. Then there is Ed's mother and the youngest boy, Alwyn, who is going to be a veterinary surgeon.

As soon as the war broke out Ed wanted to be in the Guards. He volunteered early in 1940, but was told to wait for his call-up. At last it came.

"You'll be Proud of Me"

Ed was far too busy being a crack Guardsman to think about girls. But there was a lass he met on a farm in Scotland. She wrote his mother a sad little letter when she heard about Ed. It might have been the real thing with them.

Ed did not go out very much on his last leave at home. He hung about with his mother most of the time. Can a man see what's coming to him? I don't know, but Ed once told the old lady: "One day the Guards will be proud of me and you'll be proud of me, too."

Those words still burn in her mind. She closes her eyes, hears his voice, feels his arm around her shoulder. Mrs. Charlton is not only Ed's mother, she's all those mothers who've only got a memory of their gallant sons.

This story might never have been told, had he not made it possible for some of his comrades to come back alive and report it. In Ed's case there were not only his pals, but the enemy, too, who saw to it that he will never be forgotten. Ed died in a German field hospital, and captured Germans told interrogating officers the amazing story of a man who stood in front of three blazing Shermans and held up a battalion of Panzer Grenadiers.

To me, Ed still lives.

He will march with us through London. You won't see him, but he'll be there.

They're

O. H. M.

IN THE A

While the nation discusses the lengt here is the human story of the consc the fighting men without a war. Life

by DENNIS

ALONG A FOOTPATH in Britannia Barracks, Norwich, moved a very young soldier, his battledress conspicuously new, his hair overgrown at the neck. In his manner he showed an absurd mixture of defiance and dejection. Every movement, every gesture, seemed to shout *I can't, I won't.*

A tall soldier, with greying hair and a leather jerkin over his battledress, caught up with him.

"Well," he inquired, "how do you like your first day in the Army?"

The boy glowered up at his questioner. "Like it? I'm going to clear out, first chance I get. Stand for this? Not me. No, sir."

"Now, what good would that do?" asked the leather jerkin. "You'd be caught, sure enough. You'd worry your parents, and you wouldn't get work because you're obviously of call-up age. Besides, somebody's got to do this job—why shouldn't you do your share of it?"

The boy still played tough. Just give him the chance, that's all. They wouldn't see his heels for dust.

The older soldier smiled. "You don't know anything of the Army yet. It isn't the soulless machine you think it is. Give it a trial. Give yourself a chance." He passed on.

Later, at a clothing parade, the young recruit realized that his questioner was the commanding officer, Lt.-Col. J. S. Hewick.

That boy didn't desert. A little human understanding had probably prevented him, if indeed he seriously intended it.

I'm not implying that any recruit may run around on his first day breathing defiance and indiscipline. Yet in a way this little story does typify the change of outlook which gave our Army so much of its strength in this last war. Discipline and duty are inherent in Army life, but the modern soldier is a human being and not just a number.

Peace-time conscription is, at best, an unpleasant necessity. The men and women who have served have the right to be demobbed and look to others to carry on. By the end of this year 3,900,000 men and women will have left the Services. If our Army is to be kept at minimum strength for our present-day obligations, half a million volunteers must be found and about 700,000 conscripts.

What sort of deal are the conscripts getting? In what spirit do they accept compulsory peace-time service (a very different thing, after all, from service when the country was threatened with invasion)?

Many big changes in both conditions and methods of training have been made since 1939. Many more are due.

Early in the war a recruit was assigned to a particular branch of the Services at an interview which took place when he had his medical. He was called up straight to his unit. Now, no matter what job a soldier is destined to do, he gets six weeks' basic military training before he goes to a Corps Training Unit. This war proved that every soldier, whether in the Pay Corps, R.A.S.C., or anything else, is potentially a fighting man.

In other words, every man gets the same *basic* training to start with. And his temperament, physical strength and intelligence are observed after he is in the Army and not before. During his six weeks, he is seen by psychologists and selection officers, who consider his case thoroughly before deciding which branch of the Service is best for him. This system means fewer misfits.

"It's Fair Enough"

But let's see the real thing. We are on the parade ground of the barracks, overlooking Norwich. Looking through the entrance, down on the sun-flecked city, we see groups of young men coming uphill towards the barracks. The intake men are arriving.

Many are carrying small parcels or suitcases. Some walk with a swing. Others betray a certain diffidence.

Most of them are tired, hungry and perhaps a little nervous. And in contrast to the soldiers here, who look magnificently fit, the newcomers are pale.

I ask James Roscoe, a twenty-year-old miner, of 5 Rose Hill Street, Bryn, near Wigan, what he thinks about being conscripted, and find him quite cheerful. "It's the same thing for everyone," he says, "and that's fair enough."

Roscoe, however, mentions a difficulty which must affect thousands of youths in a similar position. For months before his call-up he was out of work because employers won't take on men whom they will lose in the near future. Perhaps some officially-sponsored scheme is needed for youths in this predicament.

The men are given a good hot meal, then directed to a hut where they hand over their ration cards, clothing books and identity cards. This "documentation" involves a lot of detail. Then they are told where to collect their lighter clothing, such as underwear, and are taken to their sleeping quarters. They are shown where to put their things, how to fold their bedding.

The Medical Officer, Captain Black, has a busy time giving the intake an examination to be sure that his own observation tallies with the medical history sheets. He singles out a few weedy boys to be sent to the Physical Development Centre at Kingston, where special treatment and remedial exercises will put them right. Of a recent intake of ninety men, five were sent.

Later, every single man will be X-rayed by the Army mobile unit, as a precaution against tuberculosis. Early in the war, there were cases where T.B. sufferers were classed as A1 and put to tasks beyond their strength. That can't happen now. Yet out of 1,080 recruits recently X-rayed, only one T.B. case was discovered.

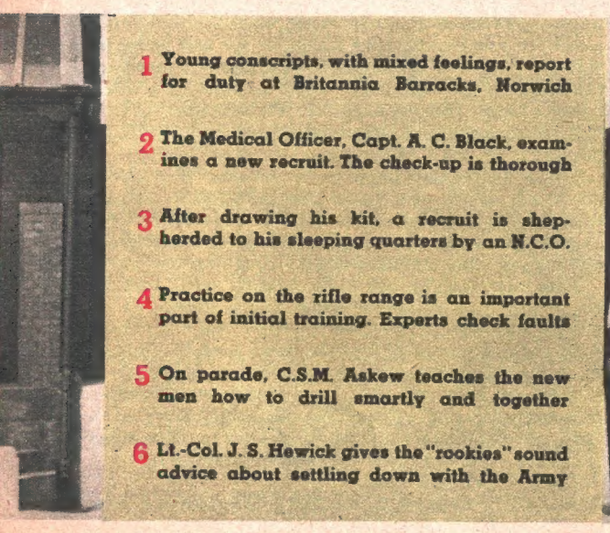
First Parade

The trickle of men continues all day as they arrive by different trains and routes. Later, in the NAAFI, as they smoke and drink hot tea, they look considerably more cheerful and confident. The weight of civilian responsibilities lifts from their shoulders and they actually feel more free than they did before.

There isn't much more to do on the day of arrival. Over 25,000 men have been trained at this centre since 1942, and those in charge know that newcomers need a breathing-space.

Next day starts with reveille at 6 a.m., and by 8.20 they are on parade for the first time, having got through what seems to be a morning's work already. They've made their beds, gone to the ablution huts, tidied their quarters.

The breakfast was cornflakes and milk, sausages



1 **Young conscripts, with mixed feelings, report for duty at Britannia Barracks, Norwich**

2 **The Medical Officer, Capt. A. C. Black, examines a new recruit. The check-up is thorough**

3 **After drawing his kit, a recruit is shepherded to his sleeping quarters by an N.C.O.**

4 **Practice on the rifle range is an important part of initial training. Experts check faults**

5 **On parade, C.S.M. Askew teaches the new men how to drill smartly and together**

6 **Lt.-Col. J. S. Hewick gives the "rookies" sound advice about settling down with the Army**

RMY NOW

of service asked of its youngest sons, ipts who are being called up today— in the Army is very different—NOW!

BARDENS

and baked beans, bread and butter, marmalade, and tea. It's a welcome meal after an early rise.

There's a half-hour break in the NAAFI at 10.45. At 11.15 they're on parade again, learning the rudiments of drill; how to form squad, stand to attention, stand at ease.

Company Sergeant-Major Rawkins, who throws a rifle about as though it had no weight at all, soon has them drilling with a degree of efficiency which seems impossible in so short a time. And at 12.50 they get a ten-minute break before lunch, a substantial affair of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, baked and mashed potatoes, cabbage and peas, stewed fruit and custard.

A vigorous anti-waste campaign is being conducted in the Army, and the men are urged not to waste a crumb. But the food, despite cuts, is good and plentiful. Incidentally the food cuts recently announced for the Services will not affect recruiting centres, physical training schools and those on battle courses. Physically, the six weeks ahead of these men is probably the most energetic time they've ever faced; they'll need the extra food.

In the afternoon they collect the rest of their kit —including a spare battledress for walking out—get some more drill and a lesson on rifle cleaning, and find it is tea-time, with the rest of the day free.

Next day the C.O. introduces himself. They're in the Army now, he says (they had begun to suspect something of the kind). They're liable to military law, as well as civil law. They must obey orders, and promptly, because no instruction is given without good reason, and improper orders are punishable. They'll get nine days' leave in every quarter ("more than you got in civilian life"). Saluting is an acknowledgment of service in the same good cause, so don't bother to look in a shop window when you see an officer coming.

The ice is broken. The men sit less stiffly, listen with renewed interest and laugh.

The next week is pretty rigorous. There are fifty periods of about three-quarters of an hour, amounting to less than forty hours, but in reality work lasts much longer, since these periods are supplemented by many duties which are fulfilled in "spare" time; spit and polish, for instance. There is a crowded curriculum of rifle drill, ordinary drill, application of fire, fieldcraft, gas training and P.T.

What *differences* are there today in the handling of recruits? An old soldier would notice many. Remember the sick parades? It was no joke hanging about if you were really ill. Such parades ceased in 1944, and today a soldier can see the M.O. at any time on asking an N.C.O. Most M.O.s allow an hour a day for private visits.

A new system of medical categories, more exact and less haphazard than the old, is replacing the A1, B2 method. Physical capacity, ability to bear arms, intelligence, locomotion, hearing, eyesight and emotional stability are now assessed separately.

Pay is certainly better, and the system of payment vastly simplified. Even the minimum, which a private gets on joining—from July 1 it will be 28s. a week—is more than many civilians have left for pocket money.

The new pay scales coming into operation this July mean better pay for all ranks, and will approximate much nearer to civilian earnings. A man's pay will be graded by a convenient system of stars, up to a maximum of three. Thus a three-star private will get 49s. a week. A staff sergeant can earn up to 122s. 6d. a week, plus the chance to earn a pension and marriage allowance.

'A Few Grumbles

I saw recruits in various stages of training, some of them after a fortnight, others after they had finished their basic training.

Most of their grumbles (except perhaps for pay) aren't fundamental. Many would like a smarter walking-out uniform.

Some, like twenty-one years old Thomas Hayden, of 153 Park Avenue, Harrow, are wondering what chances they'll have of picking up their jobs where they left off. "I'd just finished my apprenticeship when I was called up," he said.

One or two raised the point that the volunteer system should be tried out before conscription is decided upon. But when I asked whether it would be fair to hold up demobilization until enough volunteers had been found, they agreed that it wouldn't be fair.

An army is an army, but it seems that our new conscripts are settling down and shaping as well as their predecessors did. At this centre only three men, of an intake of 2,000, have been posted as deserters since February this year. There were fifteen absentees, mostly men a few hours late off leave.

There are a lot of young men today who realize that their present service may prevent a war in the future, which would involve longer service in far less pleasant circumstances. This is more generally realized than I had expected.

As I was saying ★ by HERBERT HODGE

"If he can cook a meal, he's entitled to consider himself excellently educated"

IT'S AN EDUCATION!

Americans do "menial" work to pay their way through college. Herbert Hodge suggests a free university education as a reward for two years' heavy work

MY RECENT COMMENTS on working conditions in our heavy industries have brought me a number of interesting letters. It's the old story, of course: one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. And not only doesn't know, but doesn't much care. It's no use our complaining that nobody wants to do the heavy, dirty and arduous jobs if we make no effort to make those jobs at least humanly tolerable.

As I was saying last week, the trouble with the heavy and dirty jobs is not only that they *are* heavy and dirty but that the working conditions are often worse than those on lighter and pleasanter jobs.

I have, before me, a letter from the wife of a blast-furnace man. He is on shift work. You can't begin to describe his working life at any fixed point, because it keeps going round in circles. It never starts or stops. It keeps on going round.

If you jump on to this roundabout beside him on the early turn, he's getting up at five in the morning to get to work at six. He's working till two in the afternoon. After eight hours at the furnace, he comes home tired out. A meal, and a read, is about all he's fit for. Then he goes to bed early to rest his tired body in preparation for the next day's labour. So he goes on through the week until Sunday.

On Sunday he still gets up at five to start work at six. But instead of finishing at two in the afternoon, he doesn't finish until ten at night. Sixteen hours at a stretch and a tough job, too!

Now if you want to play football on the village green or go to the local cinema on a Sunday, the Lord's Day Observance Society is liable to make a protest. I should like to know what the society feels about sixteen hours at a blast-furnace on the Lord's Day. It's hardly a day of rest.

On Monday, however, our blast-furnace man can stay in bed quite late. He doesn't have to start work until two in the afternoon. He's now on the middle shift, finishing at ten. This until Saturday night. When he finishes work on Saturday night, he is free all day Sunday—at least, in theory.

But he can't very well go out for the day because he has to start work again at ten on Sunday night.

As his wife says: "I know he can't take me out without sacrificing his rest. And when a wife realizes she is stealing her man's rest for her pleasure, she refuses to go out."

You may be wondering when his weekend off gets round. Apparently it never comes. On the third Sunday he gets what is called his "long turn off." He works through Saturday night, finishing at six on Sunday morning. He starts work again at six on Monday morning.

Where We Came In

If he gets home around seven on Sunday morning and spends an hour or so having a wash and a meal and then takes a few hours' sleep, he can get up around dinner-time, and the rest of the day is his own. The only snag, says his wife, is that if he wants to be fit to do a heavy day's work on Monday he has to be in bed by nine at night.

Six o'clock Monday morning sees him back on the early shift. And this is where we came in.

There is only one test, it seems to me, that we can fairly apply to another person's working conditions. And that is to ask the question: "Could I stick it myself?"

I can imagine myself sticking those conditions for a few months, perhaps, during a time of urgent national need. During such a time, for instance, as that which followed Dunkirk.

But this man has been working like that—shift after shift after shift, week after week after week—for *twenty-one years*!

And why? Because, says his wife, he is determined that his sons shan't have to do the same thing. He endures it so that his sons may escape.

Multiply that one father's case by the number of fathers working in the heavy industries, and you begin to understand why so few sons intend to follow in their father's footsteps.

But since that work has to be done, we've got to find a way to make it tolerable. There's nothing unendurable in the work itself. If it wasn't for those appalling hours, I'd say that a worker in the heavy industries could lead a far more satisfactory life than many a clerk. There's a satisfaction to be got out of tackling and mastering a physically strenuous task that a man who spends his life adding up figures at a desk can never know. In fact, he'd probably be glad of the opportunity to have a go at it—if only the other things were equal.

That is why I suggested last week that we should all do our share of the community's dirty and heavy labour—that we should all, metaphorically speaking, wash our own dirty shirts.

I think, too, that we ought to make it a part of every man and woman's education. Or at least a part of the Higher Education.

Learning About Life

For instance, suppose we put a university education within reach of everyone who wanted it—without fees of any kind. And with living expenses thrown in. The only condition would be that every young man and woman who wanted to take advantage of that university course would have to qualify by serving for at least two years in some hard, heavy or dirty job.

These young people wouldn't, of course, be able to do the highly skilled jobs. But work, generally, is so divided and organized today that the skill necessary for the average job can be picked up by the average person in a very short time.

Whichever way I look at it, I like this idea. Not only would we get our dirty work done, but our university graduates would have learned a great deal about life in the process.

No man would be given a Master of Arts degree who hadn't at least mastered the art of tipping a dustbin into a refuse van without spilling any of the muck, or who couldn't make a nice clean job of sweeping a street. This is truly education.

It seems to me that no woman has a right to call herself educated—no matter how great her book-learning—if she is unable to cook a meal, scrub a floor, and act as a sick-nurse in an emergency. Similarly, no man can call himself educated who can't handle a pick and shovel and pull his weight generally at the average labouring job. If he can cook a meal and act as a sick-nurse too, why then he's entitled to call himself excellently educated.

The one good thing the war did for many of us was to give us an education along those lines that otherwise we should probably have missed.

Many Americans acquire this sort of education by doing "menial" jobs in order to pay their living expenses while they're at the university. It broadens their minds, gives them a confidence in themselves; turns them into men and women instead of grown-up schoolchildren.

It's possible, of course, that a free university education as a reward for one or two years of heavy labour wouldn't seem sufficiently attractive to everybody. We'd probably have to make that labour a compulsory duty—a form of community service.

But I see no harm in that—provided the decision to do so is democratically arrived at.

Nor would it be any great hardship—shared out among us all. Twenty-one years of heavy labour, without a break, is slavery. But twenty-one months of it could be attractive—an achievement to look back upon with pride for the rest of one's life.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Let's stop this!

YES! LET'S STOP IT! Let's stop this awful habit of looking at the future with an apathetic or even a hopeless eye. Let's stop believing that nothing is for the best in this most awful of all worlds.

For heaven's sake don't let's grow old before our time. Before all is done we shall be surprised to find what little real foundation there was for our pessimism.

All our lives, from youth through middle age to the evening of our days, there is always hope so long as we cultivate the forward look.

Whatever else we forget, let us never forget that everything—even "the state of the world" as we loosely term it—is solely the result of man's own activity and man's own thought. If thought is bad, action will be bad: if thought is good, action will be good: if thought and action are right, then "the state of the world" will be right.

Above all, let all those of us who are no longer in the first flush of youth remember that to encourage youth and to sympathize with youth is one of the greatest tasks we can perform.

If the young people of today appear to have a "don't care" attitude, if they feel that nothing they can say or do can change the world, you may be sure they have caught the infection from their elders.

It is as easy to spread hope as it is to spread depression. It's up to us.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

THE Dog's DAY

Prof Jones was lonely when that big-shot, Barney, took away his dog. But tipster and hound were reunited—in an unexpected way!

by ALAN RAYMOND

ILLUSTRATED BY HOF

IF YOU EVER VISIT Llanuchafedd track on a Saturday afternoon, you'll notice Prof Jones. He stands just inside the entrance gate, his red nose a beacon to the uncertain punter, and his great, booming voice inviting all with loose cash to purchase a sealed envelope containing the winner of the 2.45.

"Prof Jones knows the fastest dog," he shouts. "Ride to riches on the Prof's coat-tails. Soak the bookies! Behold the Number One Tipster of Dogdom. Shonny, my canine colleague, he sniffs the winner, and passes the griff on to me, he does!"

And Shonny, the patchy coloured greyhound standing beside Prof Jones, wags his tail proudly. Shonny is a sound advertisement — he attracts as much attention as his eloquent master's voice; a dog of dubious pedigree, a throwout from the kennels, picked up cheaply by the old Prof when on a busman's holiday visit to English tracks. Tipster and hound are always together, as much a part of the dog racing scene as the hare itself.

Llanuchafedd track would not be the same without the old firm of Prof Jones and Shonny. Yet the lean dog, and his seedy, plausible master, had their day once — a day when glory flirted with them.

It began at the close of one meeting, when the great Barney himself, the emperor of the unlicensed tracks, stopped to chat with the Prof. No conceit or snobbery about Barney—he always liked to be on friendly terms with the odd characters clinging to the fringe of the game. He had discovered in the Army that today's lance-corporal may be tomorrow's sergeant-major, and you never know who is going to be on top the day after tomorrow. So he had an affable word for everybody. Besides, the tipster's smooth patter amused him.

"Still managing to keep out of the poorhouse, Prof?" he asked, as the crowds surged by.

A little man, in a cloth cap and white muffler, jostled against him.

"My wallet!" yelled the quickwitted Barney.

Prof Jones patted Shonny's flank.

"After him, mun!" he ordered.

The crowd thinned out, as the pickpocket made a dash for it. Shonny bounded away, racing lightly over the ground, dodging neatly by everyone in his way. Even in his confusion Barney's eye brightened. It was an impressive burst of speed, and quite unexpected. Shonny flung himself forward, and became entangled with the pickpocket's legs. A moment later he was sitting on the head of his fallen quarry.

After a little routine business with the police, Barney tendered a reward that would ensure Prof Jones a befuddled evening at the local. But there was more to follow.

"That hound of yours put up a damn' good show. I'd like to have him for a few weeks, get him registered, fix up the details, give him a spot of training, and try him out here. You on?"

The Prof's nose glowed more than usual, and he chewed the ends of his ragged moustache. Shonny whined, as if to plead for the opportunity.

"Right you are, mun," said Prof Jones at last.

The following Saturday, the tipster appeared without his advertisement, and discovered that he had lost much of his eloquence. This was odd and unforeseen. Somehow the presence of Shonny had drawn out his best and most flowery phrases. With Shonny's head to fondle, his rhetoric flowed. When his groping hand met only the empty air, his sales-talk faltered.

"Don't forget the old firm—the Prof never lets you down!" he shouted, unhappily. Even in the midst of the racing throng, he felt strangely lonely.

Once he visited Barney's famous kennels. A sleek and alert Shonny greeted him, with undisguised rapture, slobbering and licking his hands. Prof Jones hugged him, but Barney refused to allow him to eat any tit-bits.

"You've a good hound, Prof. It sometimes happens like this—a mediocre dog improving when it's older."

The Prof watched a trial run, with Shonny streaking along, lithe and fleet.

Barney smiled.

"The outcast's shaping well. We'll build him up yet."

Prof Jones returned to his job, shouting his sealed tips without enthusiasm, conscious all the time of an aching loss.

CAME the day he held the fateful race-card in his hand. Shonny was entered for the third race. Quickly, using his well-established system, he mapped the rival runners. No dog of real importance —all very young or very old ones. One dog alone was a possible danger—Abermympwy Kid, with a good record, though somewhat off-colour lately. Shonny had an excellent chance. He'd tip him, of course.

His excitement mounted, and something of his old eloquence returned, when he stood at his usual pitch.

"*Y gwir yn erbyn y byd*—the truth before the world! Selected with brains. Entice fickle fortune with the Prof's help. Why exist on fish and chips? Caviare and champagne to the *bachgen* relying on me."

He was lucky enough to tip the winners of the first two races. But the third race had him flushed and uneasy. Slips of paper, with the one word "Shonny," were ready in the little envelopes. Yet Shonny had been a kennel throwout, and Abermympwy Kid had such experience. A struggle raged within him. Loyalty to his hound must not ruin his business sense.

Prof Jones climbed the railings, and peered over the heads of the crowd. The dogs were being paraded. Shonny

"After him, mun!" yelled Prof Jones. With an impressive burst of speed, Shonny bounded after the pickpocket and caught him by the leg

walked firmly, his head held high. He looked fit enough—yet so did Abermympwy Kid. Prof Jones could see the scribbled chalk symbols on the blackboards. The bookies were quoting long odds on Shonny—twelve to one. Abermympwy Kid was favourite, at evens. Shonny *might* win—and if he did, he would never return to being a tipster's partner. Prof Jones knew the temptation would be to keep him racing. Even so, *might* was not good enough for a tipster.

He hadn't offered the tips on this race yet. The regulars, standing near, looked at him oddly.

"What are you naming, Prof boy?" asked one.

Prof Jones gulped.

"Not quoting it, *bachgen*."

His decision was made. The parade was almost at the traps. Prof Jones pushed his way to the nearest bookie. Quickly he emptied his pockets, scooping up his takings in sixpences and other small coins. Grinning, the bookie held out his bowler hat, and the Prof poured the money into it.

"Put it all on Abermympwy Kid," he said breathlessly.

He squeezed through to the rails, and rested his elbows on them. The dogs were safely in the traps. The bedraggled toy hare moved—it swept by, drew level with the traps—and the dogs were off, to the roar of the crowd.

Shonny had a crisp and clean getaway. was slightly less than a yard ahead, his legs moving beautifully, and he kept the lead. The next dog strained to reduce the distance, its head thrust forward. Prof Jones didn't have to glance down at the card to identify the colours—he knew it was Abermympwy Kid.

"C'on, the Kid!" the crowd yelled.

Round the bend they came, Shonny ahead, followed by the Kid, and then the other dogs, grouped in an unruly pack.

The blood rushed to the Prof's face, and it became the shade of his nose. Down the straight they flashed—Shonny alive and zestful with the joy of the chase. The hare drew level with Prof Jones, and rattled past.

Then, above the tumult, rose the shrill, short whistle, clear and distinct, though afterwards none of the amazed spectators could really swear to it.

Shonny, the unknown dog, so obviously going to be the winner, seemed to shudder in full-speed. He slowed down, and stopped. As Abermympwy Kid, swerving slightly to avoid bowling him over, swept on to be an easy winner, the crazy hound trotted over to the rail. He jumped straight into the arms of an old man with a florid complexion. Blissfully ignoring the shouts of bewilderment and rage from the crowd, he licked his master's face.

There was no lynching—for the favourite had won, and there was the excitement of the next race to absorb their attention.

In the special enclosure, the great Barney threw away an unlit cigar, and spat. One of his friends slapped him on the back.

"You're a great boy, Barney. The best laugh for years. Anything for a joke—that's Barney!"

Barney forced a smile.

Prof Jones and his dog crept away. He did not stop at the bookie, but tore up his betting-slip instead. And that, in the opinion of all who know the story, is the most unusual thing of all.

The Prof and Shonny are back at their old pitch, just inside the entrance g te. He booms away, as eloquent as ever, stroking Shonny's head as he does so. Barney looks grim and dour every time he passes them, but the old Prof merely returns a bland an innocent smile. And there's a happy, perky expression on Shonny's face.

AMBASSADORS OF SPORT

Our sports stars can do as much as politicians when it comes to goodwill abroad, but we've got to pick champs or send no one

by

JOHN MACADAM

Bruce Woodcock showed America that an Englishman can take it

RECENT defeats of Great Britain in the international sports field have implications far removed from the playing fields themselves. It is not too much to say the politicians are watching the business of professional game-making with more than a revenue eye. There is practically nothing that so readily sells one mass of people to another mass of people as proficiency in a game common to both.

An athlete who sets out from his native soil to compete with athletes abroad, is as much if not more, an ambassador as the Foreign Office gentleman sent out from Whitehall.

You can write, talk and broadcast until the cows come home to the American in the Middle West as to the necessity of the Loan to the undernourished Briton and he will brush it all aside and say: "What do we want rationing and lending for? They've got plenty."

But Bruce Woodcock has only to get himself knocked out in five rounds to have the same man say: "He'd have won if only he'd had a few more beefsteaks inside of him."

All the petty rancour and misunderstanding goes down for the count before the force of a single right cross. Woodcock did more than he will ever know — as Farr did before him — by letting ten thousand-odd Americans see and millions more *hear* how the Englishman can give it and also take it. The dividends in increased liking and respect will not perhaps be paid for a long time, but they will be paid.

Inversely, the setback to our boxing prestige that followed the visitations of Phil Scott was dissipated only by Farr's magnificent fight against Joe Louis.

Make no mistake, the athlete can do a great deal more for national prestige than the politicians can.

The Germans Sneered

The great majority of the Germans who flooded the Olympic Stadium in Berlin day after day in the summer of 1936 sneered openly at *Gros Britannien* and were almost sycophantic about what they called the oo-ess-ah. Why? Because, apart from a few events like the mile and the hurdles and the walk, we were nowhere; whereas, the Americans were everywhere, ruthlessly fit and efficient like the Germans themselves.

It is easy to understand how the label "decadent" came to be pinned on the British national chest in those days just before the war.

A bare quarter of a century before, we had led them all. We had given sport to the world and having given it, we had allowed them to throw it in our faces. We gave the rules to the game of boxing and nurtured it to its fighting peak in the National Sporting Club.

The Americans took it from us and now they hold every world title with the exception of flyweight.

Those of us who went from this side to see the fight suffered abominably from this superior attitude, and Englishmen resident in New York almost locked themselves in their own homes to escape the torrent of ribald sneers.

Farr's performance in the actual ring altered all that. What had become almost a national wave of Anglophobia changed overnight to a flood of respect. Woodcock's performance against Mauriello has confirmed it—among the ordinary fight fans at least—and if Woodcock can be guided aright he will do more than confirm it. He will consolidate it.

What about the other sports? The French who might have been expected to have suffered at least as much during the war years as we did ourselves have beaten us at soccer in Paris. They have also beaten us with ridiculous ease at tennis and they even appear to have fighters at least the equal of anything we have here.

To some extent, this is explained by the fact that the Germans found sport a useful opiate for conquered countries during their occupation. They argued wisely that the man-in-the-street who was engaged in watching fighting or soccer or tennis, was not so much engaged in sabotage. So they encouraged sport whereas everything that could be done was done to discourage it in Britain.

But there is more to it than that. There is a national *attitude* towards the whole thing and this is where we are lacking. In soccer, we lick our players with double cup-ties and end-of-season fixtures. Then when they are played almost to a standstill, we send them to a foreign country to play.

The result is that our tired, stale players produce nothing like their real form and are beaten to make a French or Italian or even a Balkan holiday.

During the war, the ordinary British fighting man showed these people that all the propaganda "decadent" talk of the between-wars period was nonsense. The Maquis know what the tough little men who parachuted among them in the dark are made of. The Norwegians know. The Yanks who joined us in combined airborne operations know better than anybody except, possibly, the Germans.

Send the Best

But these memories fade quickly and their place is so easily taken by the picture of humiliated English soccer players panting around on sun-baked pitches after a too-light ball on top of a too-heavy banquet; by the spectacle of British heavyweights being carried to their corner; by the more-easily-borne sight of British tennis players being made to look like novices.

The answer? To send the best, and if the best is not available, to send nobody at all. If we must play Continental teams at soccer, then play them in mid-winter when our players are fresh and trained and the conditions are right. If we must play international golf, then let us play it with players who have had the practice and have the temperament to make a show. Tennis—let us withdraw for five years and find some players.

The Olympic Games are round the corner. If we are to avoid the ultimate humiliation of getting nothing out of them at all, we must select our men now, feed them properly as from now, train and encourage them as from now. The couple of months before the games open will be too late.

Every other country will be sending its ambassadors of sport here. We will only be respected if we meet them with quality.

Big-time sport is a No. 1 Priority.

JOHN BULL June 8 1946

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

Happy and Glorious

AS PRINTERS ARE UNABLE TO WORK faster than light, I am writing this before the great Victory Day. Therefore it must have been during one of those periods of coma which sometimes overtake me that I managed to get a pre-view of the celebrations. Or perhaps I got into the wrong dimension or the wrong bar.

Anyway I collected a series of pen pictures, thumb-nail sketches, cameos, fill-up pars, or whatever you like to call them, of the great day.

★ ★ ★

"'Ere y'are, all yer wants fer celebratin'. Black market Union Jacks, five shillings; balloons three-and-six."

★ ★ ★

"Hello, Joe! Let's get out of this and have a drink."

"Where?"

"The 'Bucket of Swill' was open half an hour ago."

"It's shut now. We could try the 'Hand in Glove'."

"Been closed for three days. How about the 'Child in Arms'?"

"They've even sold out of grapefruit. And the 'Noose and Hangman' is open but hasn't any glasses."

"I wish I was a brewer."

★ ★ ★

"What a long procession. Look, here come the Americans."

"Who are those girls with them? G.I. brides?"

"Camp followers, I expect."

"They haven't had a Victory Day in America yet, have they?"

"They don't need one. They've only got to look at the way they're living to know they've won."

★ ★ ★

"Hey, look, Bill, here comes the A.R.P."

"My brother was a warden. When the post was hit they couldn't find any trace of him."

"Was he buried?"

"No, he turned up after the pubs closed and spent three hours helping to search for himself."

★ ★ ★

"Well, if we miss the rest of it and get in the queue to get in the queue for lunch, we ought to arrive inside the cafe in nice time for tea."

★ ★ ★

"Left, right, left, right. Volunteered to march in this procession, I did. Came specially from Hamburg. Cor lumme."

"'Sright."

"Reckon my theme song is: 'Oh, why did I leave my little frat's room in Ger-man-y'."

"'Sright."

"Fancy all these people turned out to watch us. D'you feel like a 'ero?"

"I feel more like a ruddy pint."

★ ★ ★

"Well, that's over. I suppose all we've got to look forward to now is the germ bomb."

A FARM WORKER SPEAKS OUT

Writing straight from his own experiences, a JOHN BULL reader presents, in this year of world famine, an intelligent plan for getting men back to the land

by JACK ARCHER

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that the minimum wage for farm workers is likely to be raised to four pounds a week, it looks as though Tom Williams, Minister of Agriculture, is going to have a tough job in inducing men to grow the nation's food.

And this at a time when the world faces famine.

Farm work is the finest and healthiest labour known to man. Why, then, should there be difficulty in getting men to do it?

Because I am a Shropshire farm worker, I think I can supply a few of the answers.

Most men who have left the land to work in the towns will tell you that they did so for three reasons—wages, hours and houses. But I am sure that, while these are vital matters of grievance, they don't get to the root of the problem.

There are deeper moral reasons which need consideration if we are really going to find out what is wrong with the land as a means of livelihood.

Man needs to work in conditions of freedom and dignity; and his work should be a pattern for the creation of a happy community. That is the verdict of the great thinkers of the ages.

Workers are Leaving

By no stretch of the imagination can farming, in common with many another industry, be said to be such a pattern.

The farmer is ranged on one side of the fence, jealously guarding his interests, and the farm workers are on the other side, determined to get their rights. What hope can there be that farm work will take its place in the society we are all seeking — an integrated society that offers neighbourliness, security and happiness?

Between 1924 and 1933, land workers declined at the rate of 16,000 a year. After 1930 they were leaving the land at the rate of 18,500 a year, and after 1933 they were leaving at the rate of 24,000 a year. And, although the war produced its own special conditions, the problem remains.

It was an accelerating rush from the land.

Over these years, of course, new and rapidly expanding industries drew men from the farms and the countryside. It is interesting to note that the smallest fall in the number of farm workers was in those areas least industrially developed.

The evidence, therefore, is that given the chance of alternative employment, men will leave the land.

The tragedy is that it is often the most skilled and enterprising workers who do so.

In the years before 1939, farm workers had to put up with economic and social inequalities compared with workers in other industries. On the average they were paid a pound a week less and had to work four hours longer.

They lived, as most do now, in cottages tied to the farms; if dismissed, they were required to leave their cottages and find fresh homes.

Naturally, the womenfolk played an important part in the flight from country to town. Wives and daughters got tired of living without the amenities of their town sisters. Small wonder that they egged on their menfolk to get work in town and suburb.

But men do not forsake farming for economic and social reasons only. They leave, quite often, because they can't get on with the boss—and this is where the moral factor comes in.

The fact must be faced that the farmer is a kind of despot.

He is vested with a considerable amount of power in the little kingdom of his farm.

As we all know, power corrupts, and the farmer tends to dominate not only his acres and his cabbages but his men as well.

Any farm worker worth his salt will not put up with a tyrannical boss; rather will he obtain a fresh position within farming, or an entirely new job.

That he might exchange one overbearing boss for another is quite likely. But change he will, in that determination to do work which will afford his personality the measure of freedom that all men seek as a birthright.

Rarely do farm workers climb the ladder of success and own their own farms. Their wages permit only a hand-to-mouth existence. Nothing is left over at the end of the week for dizzy ambition. They see, however, the farmer enjoying a standard of living above their own. He has a car, sends his children to good schools, and has money and leisure for the pursuit of sport and culture.

These are some of the sharp distinctions that cause misunderstanding.

There is no simple solution. But, however the problem is approached, the freedom and happiness of the worker must come first.

The real satisfaction of farm work doesn't lie in a fat pay docket, but in a deep sense of doing a job that affords personal fulfilment. For this reason, I should like to see a new spirit at work in our countryside which would stop the drift from the land and turn the tide of labour back to the farms.

It could be done in three ways.

First of all, men who like working on their own should be allowed to lease, from the agricultural department of their county council, unit smallholdings of up to five acres.

These smallholdings should preferably be in community groups to facilitate neighbourliness and mutual aid, especially in time of sickness.

Partnership Farms

Secondly, there should be farms of up to 200 acres run on co-operative lines by a partnership of from two to ten men.

Each would contribute his skilled services in dairy work, pigs, poultry, tractor work.

All would be partners and share in the management of the farm's administration.

Agricultural departments of the county councils would negotiate leasing of the farms on behalf of the nation.

To make both these unit smallholdings and partnership farms practicable, the tenants would be given financial aid in leasing and stocking their holdings. They would also get guaranteed prices; there would be a marketing scheme for all food produced.

Access to regional depots of agricultural machinery would also be possible.

Lastly, large-scale farms of several hundred acres, belonging to the nation, should be formed. These farms would be run on highly scientific and mechanized lines.

Rigorous measures would be observed for pure food production — and milk would be number one on the purity list.

A joint management committee, consisting of the director, heads of departments and farm worker representatives, would enable everyone, from the highest to the humblest, to have a say in the running of the farm.

With some carefully worked out, co-ordinated plan such as this, every man who sought a living from the land would find as satisfying a measure of happiness in that vocation as he could reasonably expect.

Free Speech

PAY "AMATEUR" SPORTSMEN, TOO

Out-of-pocket councillors • Secret engagements • Hotels which won't attract tourists • Attempted suicides • How not to get houses • Cosmetics licence • Indian problem • Life at Civil Resettlement centre • No farm work

MOST PEOPLE NOW REALIZE that the days of careful distinction between professional and amateur sportsmen are over. The initials of the names of pros are being given in the cricket scores, so that it is impossible to tell at a glance who is being paid and who is a "gentleman."

The process should go further. I suggest that in first-class sport everyone should be paid. Those who do not want the money can give it to charity, but the fact that they have a wage like everyone else would have a good effect. Moreover, I think the system would bring a far higher standard to British sport. Brilliant young players would make sport their career if there were no sense of inferiority at being paid for their skill.

In actual fact, of course, the best players are nearly always professionals. The Americans know that. Even some of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge know it—scholarships are regularly given to promising athletes at certain colleges which want to keep up their reputation for sport. Of course, the scholarships are ostensibly for academic pursuits.—J. R. HAMLIN, Speyside, Avenue Road, Southgate, N.14.

Nine Couldn't Read

TRAVELLING HOME by Underground the other evening, I got into a "No Smoking" carriage as usual. Of the

"No Smoking"

nineteen people in there, eight were smoking cigarettes and one a pipe.—P. ARNESSE, 81 Cirencester Street, Paddington, W.2.

Councillors' Pockets

THE GOVERNMENT should have considered the payment of local councillors before Members of Parliament voted themselves an increase.

As a councillor, I know only too well the expenses that are involved. Postage, loss of time from work, and the cost of keeping up an official position weigh heavily on the men who help to put the Government's Acts of Parliament into effect.—A. E. PERRY, Ex-Chairman, Huyton with Roby U.D.C., 250 Liverpool Road, Huyton, Lancs.

Deferred Congratulations

MY FIANCEE AND I would have kept our engagement secret if we had known that so many people would insist on thrusting congratulations on us. Getting engaged is no achievement and the custom of offering congratulations is silly. The right time for them is in ten years if, as we hope, we have made a success of our marriage. — DEREK NORMAN, 107 Salisbury Road, Barnet, Herts.

Pity the Commercial

ANY IDEA OF THE HOTEL and catering industry bringing tourists to this country has caused many a horse-laugh in the writing - rooms - cum - lounges of commercial hotels.

Few people realize how badly commercial travellers have been treated both during and after the war. Breakfast is often a piece of toast with a bit of raw herring roe. Tea nearly always seems to involve powdered milk and saccharine. Hotels which used to charge ten shillings for tea, bed and breakfast have nearly all gone up to fifteen shillings.—J. Q., Wallasey, Cheshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Failure

THE PROSECUTION of a would-be suicide is apparently automatic. As soon as a heartbroken wretch has been snatched from death, he or she has to face a miserable criminal charge.

To what purpose? Sordid facts emerge and are publicised. The case is proved but seldom is any "punishment" given. What good is done that could not be done outside a court?—G. A. H., Manley Road, Manchester.

Building Work—Urgent

HERE IS A TYPICAL working day at the firm of builders where I am employed:

Arrive	8.15. a.m.
Start work	8.45 a.m.
Tea break	9.30 to 10.30 a.m.
Lunch	11.30 to 1.15 p.m.
Start work	1.45 p.m.
Tea break	2.45 to 3.45 p.m.
Sign off	4.45 p.m.

Total time worked—three and three-quarter hours. I enclose name of the firm and my own name and address.—"BUILDING WORKER."

Hidden Exports

I WAS DEMOBILIZED after six-and-a-half years' service and applied for a licence to manufacture cosmetics. After four months' correspondence, I was allowed to sell retail trade up to £500 a year. After I had complained, I was offered an "export only" licence provided I gave details of inquiries which I received from abroad.

How am I expected to get inquiries when I am not known as a manufacturer and am not allowed to sell on the home market? Who will order from someone who cannot make the goods until he has orders?—R. L. BURKE, Gunner's Stores, Biggin Hill, Kent.

Kindly Light

I SYMPATHIZE WITH THE reader who had to write to you by candlelight, and have sent her two gas mantles. They should brighten things up a bit, but please keep my address dark.—R. R. G., Lancs. (Name and address enclosed.)

"India is Not Ready"

INDIA IS NOT READY for self-government. The country is inhabited by millions of hopelessly mixed and bewildered victims of "religiosity." All forms of social intercourse are banned between Hindu and Moslem, Parsee and and Sikh.

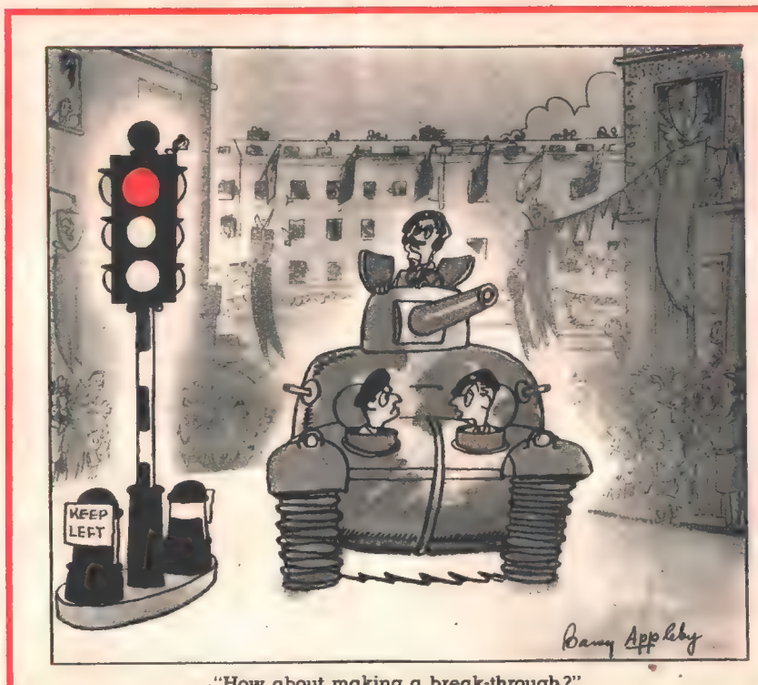
When this mass of intolerant and superstitious humanity is educated, then self-government will be possible.—ERIC B., R.A.F., India Command. (Name and address enclosed.)

Ex-P.O.W.'s Resettlement

NOT LONG AGO I finished at one of the Government's Civil Resettlement Units. Before I went there I thought, "What, more Army? No fear — I've had enough!"

But when I got to the place, at Knutsford, in Cheshire, I found that everything possible was done to help the ex-prisoners of war. Food was very good and the staff was understanding and pleasant.

When I first arrived in England after three-and-a-half years under the Japs, I was pretty well down in spirit, afraid of meeting anyone, and shy and uncomfortable in company. Now I feel much better and have got back my self-confidence. I advise everyone who can possibly go to a Civil Resettlement Unit to do so. There is no "catch."—Ex-TROOPER T. S., Lancashire. (Name and address enclosed.)



"How about making a break-through?"

Down the Counter, Please

AFTER A LONG EXPERIENCE of queueing in post offices, I have decided that much of the delay is due to inflexibility of staff. Often assistants are doing

"Doing nothing"

nothing behind the postal orders or parcels counters while the savings stamps section is crowded.

Could not the work be divided more evenly among employees? Fancy a grocer's assistant serving only sugar or bacon and ignoring a queue for anything else.—MRS. M. ALLEN, 25d Trebovir Road, S.W.5.

Not Far to Look

RECENTLY DEMOBBED, I wanted a temporary job for a few months. Having read of the serious shortage of farm labour and being keen on that sort of work, I offered myself at the local employment exchange.

I was told that I live in a non-agricultural area, and that they had no vacancies for farm workers of any description. Nor could they give me any advice.

I called at a farm about three miles from my home, and I started work the next Monday morning.—D. B., Leeds. (Name and address enclosed.)

Gate-Crashing

FOR THE LAST THREE or four years my son has been high up in his secondary school class for woodwork. So, when my garden gate wanted a few nails—merely to stop it dragging—he got the job.

If he had been asked to superintend Victory Parade preparations, he could not have produced more saws, hammers, screws and gadgets.

When I went to see how he was getting on, the gate was in ten pieces and part of the wall was down. Later, a local craftsman (who can't read) charged me 30s. for "repairs."—PARENT, Bridgend, Glam. (Name and address enclosed.)

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Rolls of cloth provide the new "currency" among shady characters in the country's black market capital

BLACK MARKET METROPOLIS

This is what they are calling Britain's clothing capital today. A black market that "scarcely takes the trouble to conceal its activities" has given the city a most unenviable reputation

by WILLIAM J. GAGE
JOHN BULL's Chief Investigator

WHEREVER PEOPLE ARE TALKING about the black market—and where aren't they?—sooner or later someone mentions the city of Leeds.

Because Leeds, clothing capital of Great Britain, has gained an unwanted reputation as the metropolis of the nation's black market.

There are far too many shady citizens of Leeds who have given up thinking of things in terms of money. Their currency is cloth—and a roll of cloth today is one of the pivots of a barter exchange that spreads from the industrial north to all parts of the country.

Tentacles stretch from Leeds to many cities. In police reports concerning black market transactions, the phrase "deals in Leeds" constantly appears. Most of the key men in one of the biggest clothing coupon thefts so far investigated by Scotland Yard and provincial police chiefs came from Leeds.

Some months ago, in a basement in London, I saw a large store of goods left behind by a black market operator who had made a quick getaway. All had been dispatched from Leeds but, of course, the supplier was not named and the police have been unable to trace him.

Jump in Robberies

Shop-breaking, warehouse and lorry robberies are the chief sources of supply in this market and these crimes have been increasing in Leeds for some time.

Over a recent period of three months, robberies from stores and shops jumped from 177 to 321 compared with a previous period.

In all, £1,270,000 worth of goods and merchandise was lost last year, through lorry and warehouse thefts, railway, transport and other robberies in different parts of the country. Police and Board of Trade records, compiled from the reports of touring investigators, show that much of the material was distributed by Leeds crooks or their visiting agents.

The way in which they work has its own ingenuity.

Not long ago, a cloth warehouse near Leeds received a telephone call from a man giving the name of Galson. He purported to be speaking for a prominent retail firm and placed an urgent order for several rolls of cloth. The warehouse, having dealt with this firm for many years, had the cloth waiting when "Mr. Galson," who talked with apparent intimate knowledge of past transactions, turned up and signed for the goods.

It was later found that two other warehouses had been tricked by confederates of "Mr. Galson," who had similarly used names falsely.

Many Leeds men are making huge profits by quick, dishonest deals. Scotland Yard recently ascertained that from such a deal, one man made a profit of £6,000, another £14,000, and a tailor who made up garments from materials supplied had netted a profit of £11,000.

But it is not illegal clothing deals alone that have gained Leeds its reputation as black market city No. 1. The ramifications of crime are far wider than that.

In the lounge of one of the best-known Leeds hotels I rubbed shoulders with men who are piling up profits by their illicit deals in jewellery, tinned foods, timber, cotton goods and dress materials.

Sale of Cosmetics

It was clear, from the conversation which they conducted in voices I could not help hearing, that their main concern was to find transport to send black market goods from their Leeds headquarters to centres in other parts of the country, including London.

Other crooks in Leeds are making a not-so-small fortune out of the sale of cosmetics which they regularly send to other cities. In London, for example, is a man with a black financial record who now skirts around the law by visiting Leeds and obtaining hairdressing preparations which contain few genuine ingredients, but sell for high prices under fancy names in London.

It is in the lounges of Leeds hotels and in some local offices that you will come across a large system of "direct sales" for couponed and non-couponed goods. I was successively offered a book of clothing coupons (price £3), bottles of whisky or gin (£3 10s. a bottle), jewellery and other goods.

While black market deals are completed almost in the open, it is not surprising that cases of cruder crime are constantly occurring.

Recently the Lord Mayor of Bradford, Alderman Kathleen Chambers, visited Leeds on civic business. She left her £1,000 gold mayoral chain in her car. When she returned both chain and car had gone—and only a short while before, another visiting mayor had been robbed.

"Getting Anything They Wanted"

Many citizens of Leeds, worried about the reputation their city has attracted, are not reassured by the results of proceedings against men and women charged with participation in black market deals and minor crime.

They feel that fines, which are imposed on those convicted, act as no deterrent, and that the time has come when prison sentences should be inflicted without the option of a fine.

Information recently reached the police that workers in a Leeds factory were "getting anything they wanted" in the way of clothing. After patient inquiries, Israel Wolfe, a merchant of New Briggate, Leeds, and Edward O'Reilly, an assistant foreman at the factory, appeared in court.

Although Wolfe pleaded guilty to twelve different summonses and asked for thirty-seven other cases to be taken into consideration, he got away with a fine. And the "big man" from whom he obtained his goods has yet to be traced.

Another case. Nathan Richmond, of Saville Place, Leeds, was found, after investigation by the local police and Board of Trade officials, to be illegally supplying suiting material without coupons.

Lengths of material bought by another man named John Pearlman were traced to him.

Both were only fined.

In a third case, suspicion fell on a man named Harry Phillips, of Crossgates, Leeds. When the detectives questioned him he replied that he could give a lot of information "if he cared to." But he didn't, and refused to produce his trading books when asked to do so by the Board of Trade.

Summoned on allegations arising out of this, he was fined.

Proceedings Expected

I happen to know that official records describe him as "a tout for big people in the black market."

And it is these "big people," working discreetly behind the scenes, who have given Leeds its bad reputation.

The local police are doing their utmost to stem the illegal tide which spreads outward from the illicit clothing market. Scotland Yard men and Board of Trade officials have constantly been making inquiries in the Leeds area.

During the last few months, valuable clues have been pieced together in a prolonged investigation. Several Yorkshire towns have been visited, and inquiries have also been made in Carlisle, Manchester and Birmingham.

As a result, proceedings involving large sums can be expected during the next few weeks. I know they will be welcomed by the honest citizens of Leeds, who do not like to see their fine, progressive city sullied by a black market that scarcely takes the trouble to conceal its activities.

Week at the seaside—FREE!

Happy days in the seaside sun, with no need to worry about the cost of an ideal holiday week! That is the glorious prospect ahead of the chief winners in this week's big *Bullets* Holiday Offer.

Already scores of readers have secured Free Holiday Weeks for Two, simply by entering a few well-chosen words on a *Bullets* coupon; you could have made up any of this week's winners, so why shouldn't one of the latest batch of Cash-plus-Holiday prizes be yours? You have only until Monday, June 17, to post your coupon.

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,529

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday:
R. F. REASON, 12 Gilcroft Street, Skegby, Mansfield:
In The Victory Parade—I'll Hear Bill's Mouth-organ!

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: J. Cail, Lowry Hill, Kingstown, Carlisle: **End Of Our Troubles—Far Too Far To!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: Mrs. M. Early, 21 Days Road, Swanage, Dorset: **In The Victory Parade—Dad? In "The Victory"!** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: G. Sutcliffe, The Nook, Hatfield Peverel: **Where Humanity Comes In—Returning *Food* For Evil.** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: G. Lund, 12 Nab Wood Rise, Shipley: **Helping Mother—Britannia—Pessimist "Drying Up."**

£10 WINNERS: G. Blair, 41 Harrogate Street, Barrow-in-Furness: **Problem Child—"Shakespeare"—Or "Just William"?** F/Sgt. W. Bradbury, Sgts. Mess, R.A.F., Little Horwood, Nr. Bletchley: **Where Spain Comes In—Depends On Franco's Exit.** G. Cusworth, Northenden Corn Mill, Manchester: **Not Being Conjurers—Or Tame Rabbits, Government.** F. Denton, 12 Arthur Street, Ryhope, Sunderland: **In The Victory Parade—Russian Representative On Mule?** Miss M. Ford, Garwood, 10 Cranleigh Avenue, Sneyd Green, Hanley: **Pearl Beyond Price—Derby Winner? Darby's "Winner"!** L. Hornby, 35 Craig Street, Ardwick, Manchester: **If They're Sensible—*And* "Crazy"—Marriage, Success.** Miss A. Prestcott, Cross Lane, Halsall, Nr. Ormskirk: **Food For All—Or We "Deny" HIM.** H. Thomas, 14 Victoria Road, Haydn Road, Nottingham: **Problem Child—Parents "Couldn't Hit It."**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

"BULLETS" CHEQUES AND SEASIDE WEEKS

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Prizes For 1,563 Readers.

£250 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; £20 plus Holiday; £15 plus Holiday; 8 Holiday Prizes of £10; 50 of £1; 1,500 new prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cook's Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

IN BRITAIN
ANGEL OF PEACE
FOOD FOR THOUGHT
WAY TO HAPPINESS
THE RUSSIANS
UNEMPLOYED
DAME FORTUNE
FAIR'S FAIR, SO
OLD SOLDIER
NO CHANCE
HOLIDAYS ARE GRAND, BUT
ALL OVER
SONNY'S SISTER
FROTH AND BUBBLE
IN FATHER'S GREENHOUSE

BITTER PILL
QUIVERING WITH RAGE
STAR TURN
TRIED EVERYTHING
AT OUR VILLAGE SPORTS

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

WRECKED THE .....
OFF TO THE ..... MISTAKE
BUDDING .....
WHIFF OF .....
WHAT ..... LIKES

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,533 (or XWORD 485); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

For Holiday Offer "Bulletin" (June 29) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,533 Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 17

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated July 6, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 481 RESULT

WINNING WORDS: ACROSS: 1, Glum. 3, Sigh. 5, Blotter. 9, Bat. 12, Coaxing. 13, Doll. 14, Best. DOWN: 2, Moon. 3, Staff. 4, Brig. 6, Alike. 7, State. 8, Ink. 10, Bind. 11, Time.

£100 SHARERS. Mrs. H. A. Chilvers, 6 Meadowbrook Close, City Road, Norwich; L. F. Chilvers, 6 Meadowbrook Close, City Road, Norwich; Mrs. C. Reid, 59 Nantwich Drive, Edinburgh.

Runners-up Award (value £25 cash) shared between 31 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

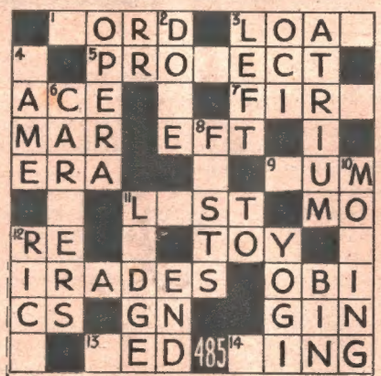
Post your Square below by Monday, June 17.

Across Clues.

1. Single one may be enough to tie you up
3. Man losing money and his job is often driven to temporary one
5. Capes do this
7. Sometimes needs lot of coaxing before it does what is required
9. Not so many people today keep this about house
11. Young kiddy who's this may well be disheartened and begin to cry
13. Average woman hates long wait before she is this
14. Seeing white feather in this would cause little or no comment

Down Clues.

2. A pigeon is likely to be
4. Such excuses from hubby become tiring to a woman
6. At art school young painters don't consider these much
8. It gets really painful keeping them up long
10. Child who is always doing this is apt to annoy people
11. Existence of one on mountain slopes sometimes means saving of life
12. May take a surprisingly long time to settle



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, dispatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated June 29. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 17

485

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Problems that have worried you for weeks can usually be cleared up at once by a letter to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service

Food Parcels

"SHORTLY I SHALL BE GOING to South America and should like to send food parcels to friends and relatives in England. Is this allowed? Will the recipients have to pay customs duties on them?"

✓ Although the receipt of food parcels by individuals is contrary to regulations, the Government has let it be known that it will not intervene when persons receive occasional gifts of food from abroad provided the practice is not abused. You can therefore send small parcels with discretion and no duty will be levied on them.

Premium for Flat

"A WOMAN RENTS A FLAT but, as she does not wish to live in it herself, she proposes to sub-let it for the same rental provided the sub-tenant pays her £200 premium. Is this allowed?"

✓ The woman can sub-let the flat if the landlord is agreeable, but it is illegal for her to demand any premium.

Special School

"MY TEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER suffers from epilepsy. The school doctor has not allowed her to go to school for two years and now I have been informed that the education authorities are going to send her to a special residential school. I have refused to sign the paper giving my consent. Can they compel me to let her go?"

✓ Unless you can arrange for your daughter to have the sort of education and special care which she needs, you can be compelled to let her go to the residential school. The welfare of the child is the determining factor.

Doctor's Bill

"LATELY MY HUSBAND had to consult a doctor who was new to him as we had only just come to live in this town. The doctor has sent in a bill for £2 13s. Can my husband claim payment from the National Health Society?"

✓ No. The doctor was right to charge a fee since your husband was not on his panel. Application should be made to the local Insurance Committee for a medical card. You can get the address from any post office.

Revision of Order

"I AM SEPARATED FROM MY WIFE and, by order of the Court, I pay the very high amount of £3 per week to maintain her and her two children. I was unable to defend the case as I could not attend the Court.

"Have I any grounds for appeal against the amount of £3 per week? Have I any claim on my furniture? If so, how do I go about it?"

✓ It is too late to appeal against the Court Order, but, if your means have become less since the Order was made, you may apply to Court for it to be revised.

You may claim all such articles of furniture as are actually your own property. If the claim is resisted you may be obliged to take action in the County Court. You would be well advised to employ a solicitor.

No Claim on House

"THE SONS OF MY FIRST HUSBAND had their father's house to live in after his death. I remarried later, and the youngest son came to live with me and his step-father. I should like him to have this house eventually, but the older sons say they can claim this one also. Can they do so?"

✓ You can make a will bequeathing your property to anyone whom you please. Your children by the first marriage will have no claim against your estate if they are of age and able to maintain themselves.

Accident Settlement

"I MET WITH A ROAD ACCIDENT in 1940 and still cannot get the case settled. I have been told that if I do not get a settlement within six years I shall have no right to claim. Is this correct?"

✓ You have been given a misleading idea. Your claim would be statute barred if you did not *start* court proceedings within six years of the accident. But you have, of course, started them.

Death Duties

"UNDER THE PRESENT BUDGET, I am told, estates up to £2,000 are free from Death Duties. Is there a sliding scale above that figure? How is it fixed?"

✓ The new rates for Estate Duty for amounts from £2,000 to £3,000 are 1 per cent; from £3,000 to £5,000—2 per cent; from £5,000 to £7,500—3 per cent; from £7,500 to £10,000—4 per cent.

Tax Liability

"AS A MARRIED MAN without children or other dependants, how much can I earn without having to pay income tax?"

✓ If you have no other source of income, you can now earn £4 a week before becoming liable to tax.

Importing Clock

"NEXT MONTH I AM GOING to Switzerland for a holiday. If I bring back a watch or clock for my personal use, shall I have to pay duty on it?"

✓ Yes, you will have to pay duty and purchase tax on any watch or clock brought into the country whether it is for your personal use or not.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND your general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Ah, it's always easy to get

DAZZLING WHITES
with **RINSO!**

It's really a pleasure to see the dazzling whiteness of a Rinso wash. And how easily it does it! Just a short soak in hot Rinso suds and your clothes are *really* clean and white. Less work, better results — that's what Rinso means. It gives you whiter whites, softer woollens, brighter coloureds — so easily, so safely.

Rinso is a No. 1 Soap Powder. 3½d and 7d packets

R 106-943 *Selling Agents:* HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED

Your radiant hair will thrill him

after this 8-minute oil-massage and shampoo

You will be excited . . . and he will be thrilled . . . to see the hidden beauty in your hair . . . gleaming, shining, radiant! Simply follow this 8-minute tonic routine once a fortnight. This treatment ends Dry Scalp trouble, which makes hair brittle, lifeless, and dull. Your hair will have new beauty. Your set will look lovelier and last longer. Start now! 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic costs 2/7½ and 4/4½ (including tax).

1. Gently massage the scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to loosen dirt and allow natural scalp oils to lubricate hair.

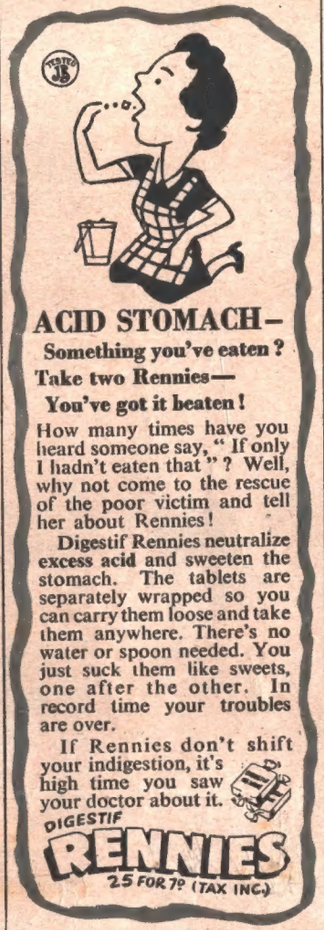
2. Shampoo with 'Vaseline' Brand Soapless Shampoo to remove loose dirt, cleanse hair and scalp, remove scurf and dandruff.

Demand is so great we regret you may still have some difficulty in buying. But we are doing everything possible to increase supplies.

"Vaseline" HAIR TONIC

P.S. 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo is 5d. a packet

4583-13 *Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.*



ACID STOMACH—
Something you've eaten?
Take two Rennies—
You've got it beaten!

How many times have you heard someone say, "If only I hadn't eaten that"? Well, why not come to the rescue of the poor victim and tell her about Rennies!

Digestif Rennies neutralize excess acid and sweeten the stomach. The tablets are separately wrapped so you can carry them loose and take them anywhere. There's no water or spoon needed. You just suck them like sweets, one after the other. In record time your troubles are over.

If Rennies don't shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** 2.5 FOR 7p (TAX INC.)

THE SAME QUALITY AS ALWAYS

DRINK Coca-Cola

War-time restrictions have kept countless friends of Coca-Cola from enjoying its delicious goodness. As restrictions recede, more and more people will be calling for Coca-Cola—and getting it—with the same quality as always.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY LTD., SOUTHFIELD ROAD, LONDON, W.4

CVS-1

A passport to GOOD HEALTH

THERE comes a time when everybody feels run down, tired out, depressed, and the reason is often a deficiency in Vitamin B_1. This deficiency can easily be made up by taking DCL Vitamin B_1 Yeast Tablets.

RICH IN VITAMIN B_1

These tablets consist wholly of yeast, each ounce of which has developed during cell growth a natural Vitamin B potency equivalent to that of 25 m/gs of aneurin hydrochloride, 1.4 m/gs of riboflavin and 8 m/gs of nicotinic acid. Each tablet has a Vitamin B_1 potency of 100 International Units (approx.) and is rich in proteins and other nutrients. One tablet should be taken 3 times a day or as prescribed by the physician. The tablets contain NO DRUGS.

DCL *Vitamin B_1* **YEAST TABLETS**

from all chemists **2/3** *(50 tablets) &* **3/9** *(100 tablets)*

Sole Manufacturers: The Distillers Co. Ltd., Edinburgh

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

Yes, I keep that up too

Macleans Tooth Paste. One size only

Why you should use Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary — the part you *don't* see, as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan

HARPIC

4396-1 *Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., London & Hull*

Constipation—that's why she gets her SICK HEADACHES

When you take a course of Beecham's Pills you are assured of a gentle regular bowel movement. You are also tackling the cause of many minor ills and ailments—and a sick headache is one of them. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable—therefore their action is gentle, natural and really effective.

1/4 per box incl. Purchase Tax. Also obtainable in Pennyworths.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

PUT HUMUS BACK INTO YOUR SOIL
and you'll
DOUBLE YOUR CROPS OF VEGETABLES, FRUIT FLOWERS, etc.
with—

Feed while you WATER with

Sangral

LIQUID MANURE

YOU CAN SEE THE RESULTS IN 10 DAYS!

6d., 2/-, 4/-
Sold and Recommended Everywhere

LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL

INDIGESTION

. . . cause and remedy

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Indigestion Tablets, are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it. Sold by all chemists, 1/5d., also in 8½d. packets (including tax).

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS

—here's quick relief!

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